

# PAISLEY DISPENSARY.

A

11632. 6.58

## POEM.

T O

BAILIE ANDREW BROWN, Præses,

With the rest of the MANAGERS;

T O

DR. FARQUHARSON, PHYSICIAN,  
Messrs. JOHN WHYTE, ROBERT  
THYNNE, and DAVID WARDROP,  
SURGEONS; and to the first Projectors and  
generous Contributors to this excellent and  
useful Institution,

### THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

by their very humble Servant,

JAMES MAXWELL.

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P A I S L E Y :

Printed for, and Sold by the AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

PAISLEY DISPENSARY.

P O E M.

**P**AISLEY! thou sure a fav'rite art of Heav'n,  
Who hath to thee such marks of favour giv'n:  
Made thee increase in people and in trade,  
And of a small, a spacious town has made:  
But where such num'rous crowds of mankind be,  
Some must be poor, and some of high degree.  
And this we may perceive is order'd well,  
By Him who doth in wisdom all excel;  
For rich without the poor could never thrive,  
And by the rich the poor are kept alive.  
Yea, lo, they are together thus conjoin'd,  
By Heav'n's decree, and both subsistence find.  
But in some towns where cruel tyrants dwell  
The poor on earth sustain a kind of hell.  
Not so in Paisley! here both rich and poor,  
Each other's happiness help to procure.  
Th' industrious poor, the rich mens wealth increase;  
The rich assist the poor, when in distress.

And this, O Paisley, peace and plenty brings ;  
For still the lib'ral study lib'ral things.

And this was manifest, by what was done,  
By those who saw and heard the plaintive groan  
Of many poor, who were in deep distress,  
Timely did they the pains of want redress.

Yea, this same year, when work for poor was scant,  
And many were reduc'd to painful want,  
Numbers contributed to help the poor,  
That cold and hunger might not them devour.  
See now revers'd the nat'ral course of things,  
Which admiration to beholders brings,  
Not now the poor, with piteous murmurs press,  
Soliciting the rich for some redress ;  
But see the great consulting how they may  
The deep distresses of the poor allay !  
Behold them going ev'n from door to door,  
Pleading for favour to the starving poor !  
Surely the blessing of the sore distress,  
Shall on the heads of these for ever rest.  
Good Lady Glasgow also heard the same,  
And sent a hundred carts of coals to them.  
A noble act of charity indeed,  
For in that season was excessive need—  
May Heav'n abundantly reward her love,  
And pour down blessings on her from above.

Nor does the rich their kindness now forbear,  
But manifest their kind intentions here :

\* Referring to the year 1783, when here, as in other places, there was an excessive dearth and scarcity ; and many poor must have perished for want, had not the rich and tender-hearted made large contributions for their support: Pray Heaven reward them abundantly.



Not only to supply the needful mouth,  
 Both of the aged, frail, and tender youth;  
 But now have they devis'd, most lib'rally,  
 To constitute a good Dispensary,  
 Wherein the poor, who are in deep distress,  
 For want of health, or limbs, may find redress.  
 A very noble, yea, and useful plan,  
 To mitigate the miseries of man,  
 In such a large, so populous a town,  
 Where numbers of the poor are sore kept down,  
 By pains, by sickness, or by broken bones,  
 Which makes them utter sore afflictive groans.  
 Yet, notwithstanding, some this plan oppose,  
 And shew themselves the poors malignant foes.  
 Now some of those from self-int'rested views;  
 Others, no doubt, their pockets to excuse.  
 Surely some avaricious view have those,  
 Who would so kind a charity oppose.

Some of the Masters of the healing art,  
 Contribute gratis to perform their part,  
 By operations free to help the poor,  
 Their health and limbs in order to restore.  
 This plan is sure more useful in this place,  
 Than ev'n an hospital in many a case;  
 For some who are with trouble sore oppress'd,  
 Who by confinement would be more distress'd.  
 For some diseased, yet of use may be  
 Unto their families, in some degree,  
 When unconfined, they yet may go and come,  
 And be of great utility at home.  
 Such may at a Dispensary attend,  
 And by the help of medicine amend.

Others, who are by sore disease confin'd  
To their own homes, will get assistance kind;  
For these good Gentlemen will condescend,  
On such at their own houses to attend.

Another thing they also have in view  
Which, by Heav'n's blessing, may prove useful too:  
The small-pox proves a most contagious ill,  
And doth great numbers of the young ones kill.  
Of late a remedy for this is found,  
Which hath been most successful must be own'd:  
Inoculation hath so useful prov'd,  
That sore disorder hath been soon remov'd.  
Heav'n has on this invention kindly smil'd  
And sav'd the life of many a hopeful child.  
This they propose to practise for the poor,  
In order to effect an easy cure.  
May Heav'n a blessing grant upon the same,  
So shall they get an everlasting fame.

The other Gentlemen, of wealth and sense,  
Concur in order to defray expence,  
That so the poor may not be cast away,  
Who are distress'd and nothing have to pay.  
If such donations men remember not,  
In heav'n, no doubt, they will not be forgot.  
If poor and sick, and those with broken bones,  
Had none to pity their affecting groans,  
What must they do but perish in distress,  
And widows leave, and children fatherless?—

When Christ, the judge of all, at last shall come,  
To give mankind their just and final doom;  
Those who no pity shew'd to the distress'd,  
Shall hear their doom in dreadful sounds express,

" Depart from me to everlasting fire.

" Go! and with devils down to hell retire!

" For I was sick and poor, and sore distressed,

" And ye no wise my painful wants redrest."

But those who eas'd the poor, when in annoy,  
He'll welcome in to everlasting joy;

" Come, all ye blessed, who with tender heart,

" Reliev'd the indigent and eas'd their smart,

" Come and receive the kingdom long prepar'd,

" Ere time began : 'tis your divine reward!

" For I was sick and poor, in sore distress,

" And ye did all my painful wants redress."

O charity! thou noblest Christian grace!

None, none beside can e'er supply thy place.

Faith turns to sight, and to fruition hope,

But thou in heav'n shalt never change nor stop.

Knowledge with zeal, and true humility,

Are all that shall inherit heav'n with thee.

Let this encourage you of lib'ral heart,

Never to grudge when ye bestow a part

Of what you have, to help the needy poor,

'Tis but like sowing to increase your store.

For what you give, ye lend unto the Lord,

And that to you shall amply be restor'd.

Altho' the poor can never you repay,

Great shall be your reward at the last day.

But charity is oft misunderstood,

As if 'twere only giving clothes and food;

To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,

Such are true marks of charity indeed;

Yet these sometimes by hypocrites are done,

Who never shall the crown of glory won.



For this was done by Pharisees of old,  
 Who did aloft their alms-deeds unfold.  
 But charity is sure some better thing,  
 Else why does Paul this into question bring,  
 Saying, 'Tho' I distribute all my store,  
 To feed the bowels of the hungry poor;  
 Yet void of charity it still may be,  
 When this is done in vain hypocrisy?

Others in words their charity express,  
 Yet never help the needy in distress;  
 But, "Be thou fed and cloth'd," they'll kindly say,  
 Yet send them empty from their doors away.  
 How then, says James, dwells love of God in him,  
 Tho' he in frothy words o'erflow the brim.  
 Now these two blest apostles are the same  
 In sentiment: they differ but in name.  
 No gen'rous action can accepted be,  
 If it be tainted with hypocrisy.  
 Unless the love of God the heart enflame,  
 Our charity is but an empty name.

But let not such reproach on Paisley fall,  
 Tho' some among them may deserve it all;  
 Yet sure no town or city can be found,  
 Of equal size, where charities abound  
 More ample than in Paisley. This is clear  
 To ev'ry wise discerning eye and ear.  
 Yet can no place of equal size be found,  
 But where a number of the base abound:  
 It must be so, till the great judgment day  
 Shall purge the floor and drive the chaff away.  
 And this same institution plainly shows,  
 What worthy minds did it at first propose!

And what a number bath with them concurr'd  
 Altho' the avaricious lie unfir'd  
 But were there not brave men within the place,  
 It soon would dwindle into black disgrace  
 May gracious Heav'n this undertaking bless,  
 And crown their labours with desir'd success  
 That so this sacrifice of faith and love,  
 May be accepted in the courts above  
 No heart can e'er this pious work despise,  
 Wherein a spark of real virtue lies.

Now may the great Physician, whose pure eyes  
 The cause and nature of each ail'd describes,  
 Direct these operators with such skill,  
 As may the well-design'd intent fulfil  
 And let the poor, who are by them reliev'd  
 Of such disorders as their bodies griev'd  
 Never forget, nor once neglect to pray  
 For blessings to attend them night and day  
 And may the prayers of the poor arise  
 Like incense, to the kind propitious skies  
 Yea, may they bring abundant blessings down  
 On all who have their kind intentions shown  
 To propagate this great and good design,  
 O let them be enrich'd by grace divine  
 And let their names be had upon record,  
 Whoever did a helping hand afford  
 Toward this work; let them be ne'er forgot  
 But still be had in everlasting note  
 Nor may they only be on earth renown'd,  
 But in the Lamb's fair book of life be found.





